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Thus far women sculptors have failed as makers of busts and portraits statues, while attaining a degree of success in works of fancy. There can be no more pertinent examples of this than the difference between the crude result of Miss Stebbins' efforts to realize in bronze the effigy of Horace Mann, now at Boston, and her graceful and poetical conception of the "Angel Stirring the Waters of Siloam," as a motive for a fountain in Central Park, New York, whatever may be its weaknesses in execution. Her Satan descending to tempt mankind is another striking example of the poetical daring of the female mind in its choice of subjects. Equally great, and more original, is Miss Anne Whitney's broad and effective symbolization of Africa awakening to the light of civilization to take her place among nations, in a Michael Angelesque figure of an Ethiopian woman starting from a deep slumber and screening her eyes as she rises to her elbow from the blinding light of the superior world which has dawned in her senses. To make the execution worthy of the conception would require a technical knowledge and skill, such as few men have ever compassed. But it is well worth the while of some of our wealthy patrons to give the author of the model a chance to do her best to put it into bronze or marble, to become a fitting monument to the most glorious result of our late war. In a succeeding number besides alluding to other examples of idealism of our sculptors, I shall give a passing look at what some of our promising painters have been doing at the same time.

FLORENCE, NOV. 1870.

## ART AT YALE COLLEGE.

BY EUGENE BENSON.

The ancient and revered institution of Yale College is, we believe, the first American College to endow an Art Professorship and accompany it with means and works adequate to support it, and illustrate most of what a Professor of Art should teach. The instruction of the eye and the discipline of the hand, and the sequent development of the aesthetic sentiments, have been neglected in institutions supposed to send forth liberally educated young men. Philosophy, Theology, Metaphysics, Law, Logic, Language and Literature, have been taught, but no means have been afforded to give that crown, and induce that harmony of culture which follows a prolonged and intimate acquaintance with the Fine Arts; which makes not the least part of the difference between French public men like Thiers, Berryer, and Guizot; writers like Renan, Lamartine and Gautier; and our own publicists and essayists,—a difference of considerable social import.

A defect, so positive, at the very beginning of all our efforts at liberal culture has not escaped general comment; but yet it has not been corrected by anything in the customary objects of American life, and it cannot be, is not now corrected by such objects, for which reason it has become the more urgent that our richest institutions for culture should do

something to correct it in the beginning, and, as it were, at the very bosom of knowledge, suckle the puny sentiment of art until it shall become vigorous enough to seek its proper life, and vigorous enough to assert itself as a mode of being in a utilitarian society, significant of something deeper than amusement, something better than furniture.

The special bequest of the late Mr. Street, of New Haven, has enabled Yale College to be the first to respond to the generally felt need of such a supplement to American culture, and the Yale Art Building, and the Yale Art Professorship, are the immediate result of much liberality and discrimination.

Our purpose is to speak less of what exclusively concerns the Faculty and students of Yale College, than of what is a means of pleasure and instruction to the general public no less than to special students of art; we mean to speak of the works of art now to be seen in the Yale Art Galleries. Since Professor John Weir was charged with the organization of art at Yale College, the Yale galleries have undergone a transformation, and have been much enriched by judicious selection and admirable arrangement of pictures and statues that are of permanent interest, some even, of immortal beauty. Not a little of what is the boast and glory of art is to be seen in the Yale Art Building, if not in the form of original marbles, at least in the form of admirable casts, while the Jarvis collection of early Italian art, and the Trumbull paintings, have all the claims of original productions. The casts from the masterpieces of Greek sculpture are numerous. A complete set of the Metopes of the Parthenon; those two mighty fragments, the reclining figures known as Theseus and Illissus; the head of Jupiter, by Phidias; the Venus of Milos; the Slave of Michael Angelo, and various examples of world-renowned sculpture. These great but broken shapes of the antique time are like so many visible proofs of the matchless knowledge, the taste and sense of beauty of people who lived before even the germ of our modern life was planted in Palestine. Standing before them, we may learn what judgment, what virtue, what tranquility of mind must have presided over Greek civilization. We must see that the time was a time of mental and physical health; that no bad dreams, no morbid and abominable thing had possession of the Athenian as it has possession of the Swinburnes of our great cities, as it had possession of men in the monastic ages; we see that beauty, or nature, or the All-Fair was to the Athenian what it must again become to the life of men, if that life is to be a help instead of a hindrance to the harmony and satisfaction of our human nature.

In the Yale Art Gallery, we can stand before the figure of the Venus of Milos, the one most noble and ideal type of womanhood that has as yet been born from the imagination and the experience of man. Look at that beautiful and serene figure, in which proportion and grace, in which an august benignity seems to repose. It is a presence

that must hush noise and banish hurry and silence care. Turn from this perfect expression of Pagan antiquity, from this realized ideal of the *natural* life, to the early christian art, to the stiff and awkward shape of the monkish painters from the X to the XII century; these examples are the first stammerings of a new idea in life and in art, the idea of the sacredness of suffering. And yet, hallowed as they are by the example of Christ, they are strange and repugnant to us, and are a violation of our modern sense of truth and beauty. The religion of the Catacombs seems further from us than the Greek's conception of life. And even Italian art of a later period,—devout, sincere, chaste—before it passed into the naturalism of its ripest hour, is more remote from us than the more ancient Greek art, because it represents too much that suggests the abasement of the beauty and glory of the wonderful vesture in which we live and move and have our being.

What was produced in Italy when Italy was overrun by German and French conquerors, and rival cities and families made it the theatre of ferocity and revenge, of treacherous local attachments and hatreds, of enduring devotion and extraordinary self-abnegation, we can in part see on these pannels of Tuscan art where, on gold grounds, austere forms of martyrs, saints and virgins, give one an alien sense of a time forever passed away. But we must touch briefly upon these matters.

Here are the celebrated Trumbull paintings. The latest and best criticism must honor Trumbull. His life-size and full-length portrait of Gen. Washington; his two best battle pictures, the Death of Warren, and the Death of Montcalm; his miniature heads are really so much precious American art; not without defects, but far more noticeable for uncommon merits, for traits and qualities that make them take high rank as specimens of art. Our older citizens have been accustomed to admire these pictures; we of this generation, ought to do more; we should study them, for they are the result of study, and no ordinary gifts on the part of the patriot painter of our revolution.

Of note-worthy pictures of contemporary painting, specimens of French, German and American art are to be seen in the main gallery. Two powerful pictures—powerful in color and effect—by May, Church's *Damascus*; Gifford's *Hunter Mountain at Twilight*; and minor specimens of painting by McEntee, Hubbard, E. Johnson, Prof. John Weir, while Professor Robert Weir is represented by a large picture representing a religious ceremony before the grand high altar of a cathedral, James Hart by a summer landscape, and DeHaas by a coast scene. These constitute the chief attractions,—most of them permanently placed.—of the Yale Art Building. They must gradually become precious to the students of Yale College; precious just in proportion to the development of their sense of the historic significance, and—what is of yet later growth—of their aesthetic significance. From the fore-

going general survey it will be seen that Yale College now affords the means of a connected study of art, and can illustrate, by examples of great historic epochs, some of the most representative and immortal works of our humanity in its long and painful labor.

### CHICAGO STATUARY.

LETTER FROM P. GREEN TO JOHN RUSKIN.

CHICAGO, Sept. 14, 1870.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND:—Glad to hear from you once more, but sorry to learn of Mrs. Ruskin's indisposition and of young Ruskin's frowardness in smashing your ancient and valued Roman head.

With your request to inform you of the progress, if any, of Art (with a large A) in Chicago, I gladly comply, especially as I see from your letter that you cherish grave doubts whether Art (with a large A) has obtained any foothold at all in our wonderful city. Indeed, your repetition of the dull old saw that Art cannot flourish in a republic is not only less reasonable but less original than the most of your sayings.

Briefly, then, let me inform you, Rus., that Art, as she stands in Chicago at present, is Immense. (Indulge me, as an act of international reciprocity, in a large I. As a devotee of Beauty—with a big B—you should prefer a large I to a small one. Bah! Excuse my pleasantry, and consider the foregoing crossed out.)

To be serious, then, John, Art in Chicago is Immense. She has not only "obtained a foothold," but you'd think she went in all over, as some of the earliest settlers did, and have never been heard of since.



LO IN ALL HIS GLORY.

Stung somewhat by your slur at the relations between Democracy and Art, I shall, to prove its utter ridiculousness (you have read our Senate reports, I trust, and encountered this word)—to prove this thing that I speak of, I shall ignore, in this note, all the many manifestations of art to be encountered (for 25 cents) in our public galleries, as also scattered so largely up and down our avenues in the residences of the wealthy, and shall confine myself entirely to those manifestations which prove the beautiful connection between Democracy and Art (with a big A, of course.)

If you could but be once set down

Chicago, my dear Ruskin, as so many of your countrymen have been this summer, you would see at once, all about you, sights that would open your eyes. (Beg pardon; you would have to open your eyes before you saw the sights. But you are of Irish birth, I believe, and won't mind the bull.)

You would see around you, as often as every street-corner, and in some sections a great deal oftener, carved statues, representing, for the edification of the public, every conceivable variety (and some almost inconceivable varieties) of the human species, from the President of our great Republic down to the rudest red man, or the most uncanny Scotchman in plaid and kilt.

Let me describe a very few of them for your guidance, in case you should be seized with a desire to investigate this matter, and should arrive in Chicago when I am not here to be your *cicerone*.

Our street statuary constitutes, as I have hinted, almost a universal museum of anthropology. The race which our artists have illustrated most freely is, unquestionably, the aboriginal American—the noble red man of the forest, whom your fellow-Briton, poor Kirk White, has christened Lo, in his well-known verses beginning:

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind," etc.

There seems a poetic justice in our sculptors carving Lo so much, for that is just what Lo did for our ancestors—his carving weapons being the knife and tomahawk—ours the chisel and the draw-knife.

Indian statuary is so plenty in Chicago that I cannot properly particularize upon it here, except to mention that we suit all sorts of prejudices as to color by making our Indian of every hue between ebon black and pearl white. I may mention also that the most perfect representation of the noble red man is to be seen on Clark street, north of Randolph. He stands *rampant* in all his native fierceness and majesty—his hatchet raised to strike, his crown feathers bristling aloft, and his calves bedecked with outstanding fringe, after the manner of one of Cooper's patent Indians. It is said, indeed, that Edwin Forrest, the great personator of *Fibbeniuosay*, stood for this work.

Those who dote on black Indians will be suited at a place on Randolph street, near Clark, (a real antique, I think) and again near Madison street bridge. They who, true to preconceptions of childhood, prefer their Indians blood-red, will be delighted with a specimen on North Clark street. Of this, however, the *pose* is a little faulty, being weak and undecided, and it is to be regretted that the idiosyncrasy of the artist should have led him to paint the eyes of his subject milk white, with the merest dot of black in the centre. It is clear that that artist (whose name I do not find in the catalogue) had not an eye for an eye.

Of Indians I could say much more, dear Ruskin, for I am full of the Noble Red Man. There is a personification of venerable piety, in a grand old Pottawattamie on Nord-clark-strasse, before which I have lingered for hours. In the vision of life before me (over-

looking a slight excess of cream color in the face and breast) I could imagine I saw good old King Phillip himself, or the Last of the Mohicans, or the dear old Wept-of-the-Wiptonwish, or Washt-up-the-Weeptown-mush, or whatever his right name was—it haunts my memory but vaguely—particularly the Christian name.

Well, poor old Pottowatomie—let him pass, as also the many female beauties which abound in all quarters of the city—the pretty Pocahontases, the Greek Slaves done into Choctaw, and the Pawnee Venuses who, true to their pedestals as Casabianca to his deck, stand guard over the æsthetic education of the public from day to day, from season to season, from year to year. These pieces of statuary represent the aboriginal female to be a remarkably well-developed person, with full busts, stout limbs, stern, immobile features, and a graceful scantiness of drapery.



PATRIOTIC MONUMENT.

They must be condemned, however, for a little loudness of tone in the ornamentation bestowed by the artists, in the way of bracelets, crowns and broaches.

(You will have guessed, already, Mr. Ruskin, that these pieces of sculpture are in the Grecian style; and colored to the last point of effect. I take it that you know something about Art, notwithstanding you are a writer on Art subjects.)

Bidding a tearful adieu to the dusky maidens of the forest (I should have mentioned that some of them, like other famous antiques, are lacking an arm or a nose, but one can always form a clear idea of the sculptor's conceit, notwithstanding we must condemn the use of pine, instead of the more tenacious basswood, or, still better, hickory, for the manufacture of such statues.)—

Bidding a tearful adieu to these interesting creatures, with their simple bouquets of tobacco leaves, innocently proffered to the beholder, we will wander among other monuments of art.